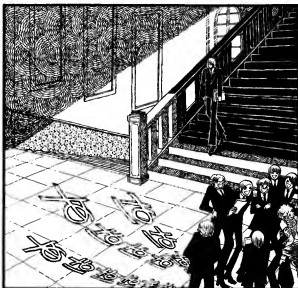
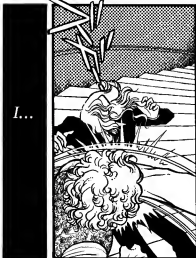


Images
by Ooya Chiki





The class
bell has
rung.





Hey,

You
have a
concussion,
you
know.

How
does
that
feel?

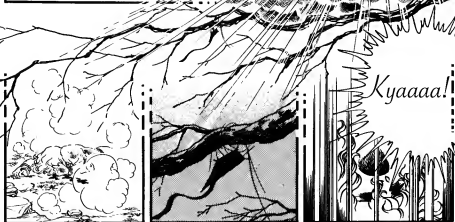
Whaddya
say, Mr.
diligent
class rep?

I am like a
bird unable
to flap its
wings,
or like a leaf
unable to
dance in the
wind or...

I
wonder
when
I
started
thinking
this...



At this
moment...



...About something from my childhood I had wanted to forget.

I was dreaming ...

You're covered in sweat, and even better, you've screamed wonderfully for me.



Get out!

*about your
left eye.*

*I didn't
know
...*



*That day,
There were
beautiful,
rose-colored
clouds.*

I was flying a kite...

*and I wanted to ride...
upon the clouds.*



*When I
tried to
get it
down...*

*But it
got
stuck
on the
branch
of a tree.*



*...My
left eye
went
completely
blank.*

*Even
though
I threw
away
that
kite...*

*I had
wanted
so badly
to fly
my kite
up to
them..*



The kite from
that day, which
I had tried to fly
up to the
rose-colored
clouds,

The kite from
that day,
which had
a green
witch
painted
on it,

I wonder
what
happened
to it...?

What has
become of
everything
now...?

The sun that gently
ticked my chin with its
warm soft hands...

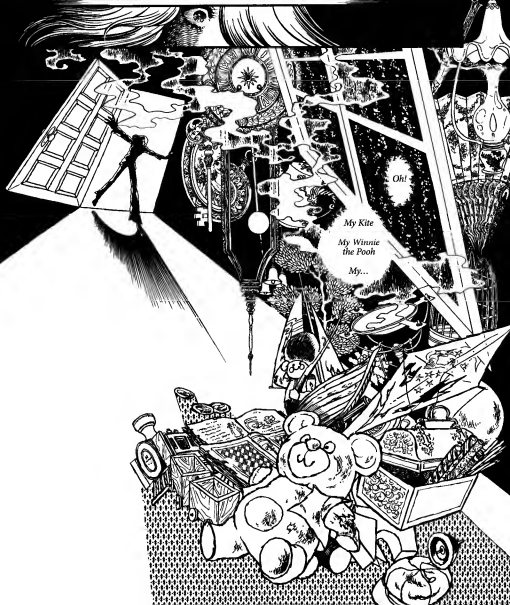
The spring breeze
that blew through
my silky hair
as if it were
gently
combing it..

Where
did
it go?

The things that I had
cherished just as much
as my kite,

My yellow Winnie the Pooh,
and my toy train that blew
purple smoke,
and my kitten, Charmie,
who was always crying for milk...

Where are they all now?



The attic
where I
used to
watch the
stars has
long turned
to rubble.

Mom
and
Dad are
buried
under
ground.

All the things
that soothed me
as though they
were rocking me
in my cradle...

...Have
long
ago
frozen
solid.

Even
now,
I feel like
I'm just
reading
a book,
and
wonder
why I
have
completely
frozen
over.



Hey,
you,



You were so
cold you
looked like
you were
gonna
freeze to
death.



Did you black
out, frozen
in the snow or
something?



Well?



You were so
cold...
I thought you
were gonna...

...freeze to
death.



My...

...I can't sleep.

...Even though my left side has
been sleeping far too long...

...Even though it won't
ever wake up....

I can't
sleep.

Who
is
it?

Who
is
it?

What
is
it?

What
is
it?

Who--
who
is
it?

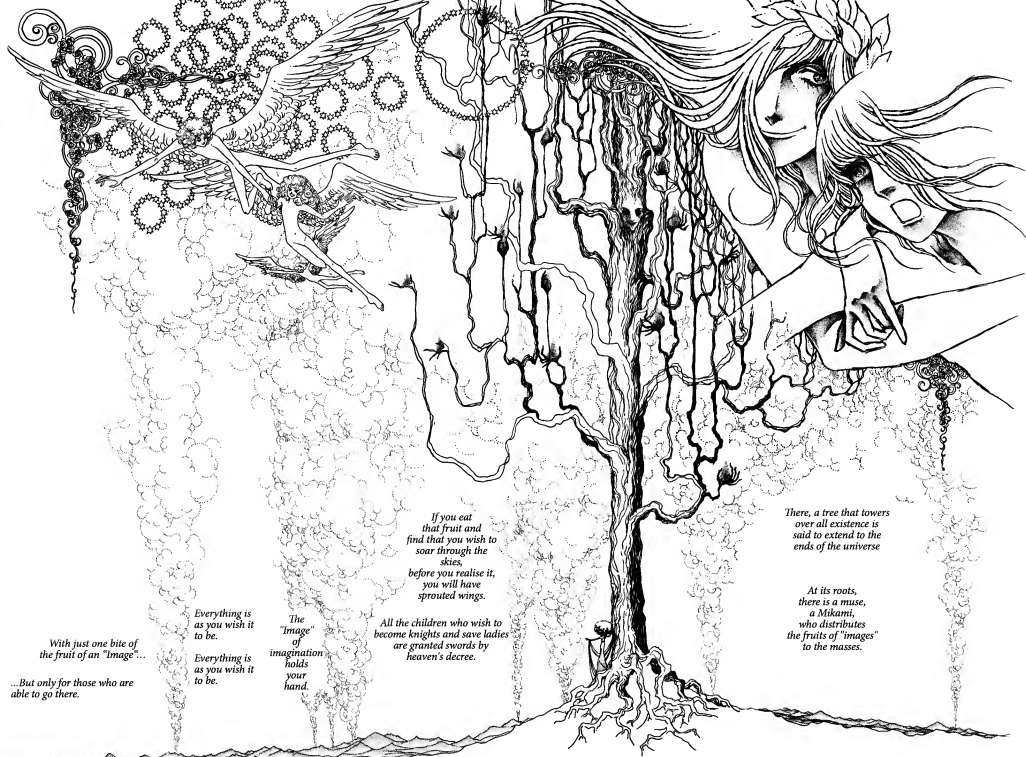
Who--
who
is
it?

Who's
there!?

Who's
there!?

Is there
something
in the
darkness?!





With just one bite of
the fruit of an "Image"...

...But only for those who are
able to go there.

Everything is
as you wish it
to be.

Everything is
as you wish it
to be.

The
"Image"
of
imagination
holds
your
hand.

If you eat
that fruit and
find that you wish to
soar through the
skies,
before you realise it,
you will have
sprouted wings.

All the children who wish to
become knights and save ladies
are granted swords by
heaven's decree.

There, a tree that towers
over all existence is
said to extend to the
ends of the universe

At its roots,
there is a muse,
a Mikami,
who distributes
the fruits of "images"
to the masses.



Hey,
did
you
know?

"oh mirror,
inconsistent
clown."

Hmmm?
What are
you,
a
narcissist?

...Before all the things that gently
rocked me like I was in a cradle
froze solid...

...Back when I was able to fly
my kite into the
rose-colored clouds...

If only
I could
lock myself
up there
forever!!



Da Vinci
tried
to make an
octagonal
labyrinth
out of mirrors.

Hey,
did
you
know?

"Oh mirror,
inconsistent
clown."

Hmmm?
What are
you,
a
narcissist?





The person I was
while I was slept
sparkles like a
kaleidoscope.

I've become
a mirror
in a
mirror-orb,

...wandering
through a
frozen space.





Dale!

Like a bird
unable to
flap it's wings
or like a leaf
unable to
dance in
the wind
or...

At this
moment
...

I wonder
when
I started
thinking
this...

This time...
maybe this time...

I might be able to
flap my wings and
fly like a bird.

The me
inside me,
the
"narcissist,"
whispered
to me...

This time for sure...
I'll dance, riding on the wind...
And at that time...
I will be an "Image" of myself.



Mommy!
Daddy!